PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

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PIOCHE, - - - NEVADA.

THE SHOWER.

Fall, gentle rain, in blessed, brimming drops;
Cool with thy kiss the city's burning streets;
Moisten the meadows where the hot sun beats
And fall refreshing on the thirsty crops;
The warm wind for thy cordial greeting stops;
The panting flock a merry welcome bleats;
The famished fields unfold a thousand sweets,
The grass bends dimpling on the mountain tops!
Fall, gentle rain, while the rejoicing land
Smiles thankful where each radiant gem appears;
Fall like a benediction from his hand,
Who makes the storm and sunlight of the spheres;
Who sends thee to make glad the living and
To mourn the dead that knew no love or tears!

—Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.

A Very Old Rosebush.

As long ago as the year 822 Hildesheim is mentioned in history. In that year we are told Lewis the Pious, Charlemagne's son and successor, made it the seat of the bishopric intended by his father to be established at the neighboring town of Elze. Less than a century before Charlemagne had brought the heathen Saxons into subjection and Christianity was yet new in the land. Gunther, the first bishop, had been canon at the cathedral at Rheims. Three years after his elevation to the new episcopal see he consecrated the first chapel, naming it in honor of the Virgin Mary. This chapel is supposed to have occupied the site under the present cathedral, where the crypt of the new church is built.

A pretty rosebush that now clings to the outer wall of the cathedral choir is said by tradition to have grown there since the days of Lewis the Pious himself. In the Twelfth century, when the choir and crypt were being enlarged, a protecting hollow wall was built around the rosebush, in order that the vine might continue to grow about the building when the new wall had been completed. A bit of the old arching may be seen behind the altar in the crypt. This is the present voucher for the great age of the rosebush, and it must be admitted that many traditions repose upon a less solid foundation.—Architectural Record.

Old Time Coins and Their Values.

Some of the old colonial coins have high values. The "pine tree shilling" of 1650 is worth $25. A Maryland shilling of 1659 is worth $10 and a Louisiana crown, coined in France, $25. The copper threepence of Connecticut, issued in 1737, is appraised at $60. One variety has the inscription, "I am a good copper," and another has the device of an ax, with the words, "I cut my way through." A Florida silver half dollar of 1760 is worth $10, while the Virginia silver half dollar of 1773 is valued at $2. The pewter continental dollar of 1776 we will pay $3 for. A gold Vermont doubloon is worth $200, and a Vermont silver half dollar will fetch $100. The Massachusetts cent of 1788 is valued at $10.

Washington silver pieces of 1792, bearing the bust and name of G. Washington, will fetch $50 each. All of the Washington coins, both of silver and copper, were minted in England as patterns for the American coinage, but the designs were not accepted because it was considered contrary to the principles of our government to stamp the head of the president upon our coins.—Interview in Washington Star.

Unavoidable.

Patrick Flanigan was a witness in a case where truthfulness compelled him to give some testimony against the man on trial, who was a particular friend of his. Patrick's ordinarily rich brogue had recently been rendered more than usually unintelligible by an accident, to which he referred with feeling in the course of his testimony.

He was frequently called upon to repeat his answers, which were evidently made under protest, and between these constant requests and the long words with which the air of the courtroom seemed to Patrick to be filled his anger rose, and his confusion steadily increased.

"Don't prevaricate," said the judge at last as Patrick returned a surprisingly incoherent answer to a question addressed to him.

"Prevaricate, is it?" cried Mr. Flanigan, with angry resentment. "Oi'm thinkin maybe it's yersilf wouldn't be able to hilp prevaricatin whin three av yer honor's front teeth had been knocked out av yer head, sorr!"—Youth's Companion.

The Postman's Double Knock.

No whistles are used by the carriers in London. Instead they use the postman's double knock, which is made by giving two distinct raps on the door. Every door is provided with a knocker, and the doors are always locked; even the dwellings of London's very poorest population are provided with their knocker and kept closed. There are no sky scrapers of tenements or flats. The houses are generally three stories, with one family on each floor. There are perhaps a few that have four stories, but they are very few. Of course this refers to dwellings only. They have large office buildings, such as are found in any city in this country.—Postal Record.

A Fine and Oak Tree.

A singular freak of nature in the vegetable kingdom may be observed a short distance east of Ashburnham, on the line of the Fitchburg railroad. The tree is about the size of a large apple tree and has a limb about eighteen or twenty inches in diameter. Persons have dug down and found but one root underneath, but it has two kinds of foliage, that of a pine and that of an oak, which may be distinctly seen from a distance. In the fall of the year burs fall on one side and acorns on the other.—Albany Journal.

Lake Dwellings in Ireland.

Probably the first records of lake dwellings were made in Ireland, where this method of habitation has been in existence from remote periods to comparative recent times. There is documentary evidence that some of the Irish crannogs were in existence and occupied in the time of Elizabeth. They were usually approached in canoes and were not connected with the shore by a gangway. In Scotland a large number of similar structures have been discovered.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A physiological writer asserts that up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep and an adult should have eight or nine. The neglect of this rule results in exhaustion, excitability and physical and intellectual disorders.

Snakes cannot and do not strike from a coil, and though a portion of the body remains coiled, that portion thrown forward from a central point must certainly be free from the coil.

The first monument ever erected to the memory of the Union soldiers who fell in the civil war is that in the cemetery on Somerville avenue, in Somerville, Mass.

One is almost startled, even in these days of rapid progress in all departments of science, to note the seemingly impossible feats of surgical skill.

The magnifying lens is believed to have been known to the ancients, but in modern times was brought into use by Roger Bacon in 1262.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

What the Passengers on a Michigan Road Saw and Heard.

Coming over on the Michigan Central a tall, fine appearing man and a handsomely dressed, refined looking woman were seated just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet faced old lady about 70 years old. Every little while the man would turn and address a remark to the elder woman, and her eyes would glow with pride, for he was her son, and though his wife did not seem overcordial—perhaps she was not proud of the old lady—yet she would deign to drop a word or two once in awhile.

Finally the son turned, as the porter informed him of the dining car in the rear, and said: "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get our dinner. You know she needs a good warm dinner. You have brought your lunch, I see. I will send you in a good cup of hot tea." And the couple rose and passed into the dining car.

After they had left, "mother" sat looking out of the window and appeared to be deep in thought, not overhappy perhaps. Finally she reached under the seat and brought up the little wornout black basket "son" had noticed and held it on her lap, fingering the ribbon it was tied with in a thoughtful way. Just as she opened it the train stopped at a station. The door was suddenly flung open, and a cheery faced, handsome blond stepped in. He appeared to be looking eagerly for some one.

Finally his glance fell on the little old lady.

"Mother!" he cried in a delighted voice.

"My John; my John!" And the two were clasped in a loving embrace so genuine as to cause tears to rise in the eyes of one of the passengers, and the rest looked on in an interested manner.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he inquired.

"They have gone into the dining car. Emma isn't well, you know, and has to have a good, hot dinner." She repeated this in an apologetic way, for she saw a look in John's eyes that she did not fail to read, and Frank—was he not her son too?

"But you didn't wish any dinner, I suppose." And his eyes fell on the little basket. He saw it all at a glance, but he must not hurt his mother's feelings thus.

"And are you not glad to see me? Are you not surprised? I found I could join you here instead of waiting until you got to Chicago. And now tell me, dear heart, isn't this dear little basket the same one that Frank and I took our lunch in to school? I thought so," as a smile rose on the faded sweet face.

"Well, I'm awfully hungry. 'Spose we keep this for supper, and you come with me and eat a nice hot dinner. No; no excuses."

As they left the car they met the other couple. "Halloo, John! Where did you come from?" "How do you do, Emma?

"I came, Frank, just in time to see our mother had a substantial meal." And they passed on.

When the passengers who heard and saw it all arrived at Chicago, they saw a handsome young man with a little black basket hanging on his arm tenderly assisting a sweet faced old lady through the crowd. A carriage was called, and they drove off. No one seemed to see anything of the other couple.—Chicago Tribune.

George Eliot's Face.

An English woman writer says it is to be feared that posterity will never know exactly what was the living aspect of George Eliot's face. Only a very great painter could have seized at once the outline and something of the varying expression, and her reluctance to have her portrait taken, her private person made to a certain extent public property in that way, has deprived us of any such memorial. Future generations will have to draw on their imagination to conceive a face cast in the massive mold of Savonarola, but spare and spiritualized into a closer brotherhood with the other Florentine of the Divina Commedia. The features might be too large and rugged for womanly beauty, but when the pale face was tinged with a faint flush of tenderness or animation, when the wonderful eyes were lighted up with eager passion and the mouth melted into curves of unutterable sweetness, the soul itself seemed to shine through its framework with a radiance of almost unearthly power, so that a stranger seeing her for the first time asked why he had never been told she was so beautiful.

Trimming Lamps.

Trimming a lamp is now a science. As some one says that the cake made by a lady is always better than any other put on the counters, so lamp trimming needs hands of accuracy and refinement. Keep cheese cloth squares for wiping off the lamps. The wicks should be trimmed with the sharp edge of a visiting card or with a poker heated redhot and passed over the wick. This last method is a little troublesome, but it removes the charred part evenly. Wicks used for a long time, even when they do not become very short, grow thick and are apt to give forth an unpleasant odor. They should be removed once a month at least. In duplex burners one wick should be trimmed in the opposite direction from the other. Round wicks should be trimmed toward the center. Burners should be wiped free from bits of charred wick and drops of oil every day. Every now and then they should be boiled in strong soapsuds, to make them perfectly clean. When they have been used a long time, they need replacing.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hospitals.

Hospitals, as we now understand the term, are of modern growth. True it is, as Mr. Burdett tells us in the historical section of "Hospitals and Asylums of the World," that in the records of Egypt and ancient India we find allusions to institutions that foreshadow the hospitals of later times, and even our asylums for sick animals are borrowed from the east.

An inscription engraved on a rock near the city of Surat tells how Asoka, a king who reigned in Gujerat in the third century B. C., commanded the establishment of hospitals in all his dominions and placed one at each of the four gates of the royal city of Patna. Six hundred years after this Fa-Hian, an intelligent Chinese traveler who visited India in 399 A. D., records that Asoka's hospitals still existed and flourished, but the successive floods of conquest swept all away, and by the beginning of this century only a hospital for animals remained of all the pious king's foundations.—Quarterly Review.

A Difference.

"I have read," said a man of moderate means, "the remark attributed to one millionaire and another that all he got out of his money was his board and clothes. This is undoubtedly true. At the same time, I think it must be admitted that there is a difference in boarding houses and tailors."—Portland Argus.

Great Danger.

Kitty—Willis Norton met a girl on the steamer, and before they got to the other side he was engaged to her. What do you think of that?

Tom—It only goes to show that not all of the perils of ocean travel have been eliminated yet.—Life.

The Walking Stick Fad.

Joe—You girls have queer fads now.

Katie—What, for instance?

Joe—Well, I saw Miss Fanny Desakel walking with a stick yesterday.

Katie (eagerly)—Who was it? That odious Mr. Hishake?—Detroit Free Press.

TO TILLERS OF THE SOIL.

Hints That May Prove of Benefit to Our Neighbors.

Articles of Undoubted Worth to the Farmer, Collected From Reliable Sources.

HOW TO USE THE BABCOCK TEST.

So many of our readers are using the Babcock test either in creameries or for testing the comparative value of their cows in the dairy, that the following practical suggestions for its operations, which E. H. Parrington gives in the *Agriculturist*, will be widely useful. Mr. Parrington writes:

When the inventor gave this method of milk testing to the public, it was first tried by chemists of experiment stations, or persons who were somewhat familiar with the chemical actions involved in the process. They found the results obtained by it were accurate as compared with those of the gravimetric methods they had previously used for getting the per cent of fat in milk; and to them the making of a test was wonderfully simple. The directions sent out by Dr. Babcock with this test were sufficient instructions for that class of workers to get good results. As its field of usefulness broadened and the men that milked the cows began to use the tester, it was soon discovered that the Babcock milk test was not an automatic machine. Although very simple to a chemist it was found to be not like a clock, which only needed to be wound up and left to run itself for ten minutes to give accurate results, but the wheels must be watched, the milk properly mixed, and the strength of the acid be correct.

Experience with this test which was in constant use at the World's Fair dairy test, taught us to keep a watchful eye on the following points: The mixing and temperature of the milk; strength, temperature and quantity of the acid, and the need of keeping the acid bottle corked up when not in use. Also measuring and mixing the acid and milk in the test bottle, adding the hot water, measuring the fat and regulating the speed of the machine.

The inquiries frequently received seem to show that black or white stuff separating with the fat is the difficulty most frequently met with. They make an obscure reading of the per cent of fat because of the indistinct separation of the liquids. The common remed ysuggested for this difficulty has been a change of acid. If there is "black stuff" in the fat, get a weaker acid; if a white curd separates in the fat column, change to a stronger acid. That a too strong or a too weak acid may cause this trouble, is undoubtedly correct in many cases, but not always. The manipulation of the test may always cause these defects. It was found that nearly, if not all the acid sold in Chicago for this purpose was made at one factory, and by conversation with the manufacturer it was learned that the still making this acid was running night and day, turning out the same quality of acid without change.

It has generally been supposed to be easier to test a mixture of the milk of several cows than that of one cow, and that possibly there might be found a cow's milk which could not be successfully tested. The observations given in this article are the results of a great many experiments made with the milk of each of the seventy-five cows in the dairy test of the World's Columbian Exposition. From May to October were made at least one hundred and fifty tests of milk every day. During this time samples of a great variety of milks have been tested. There have been great variations in the composition of these milks and the characteristics and health of the cows. I was able to test successfully any milk received, and by proper manipulation to get a clear separation of the fat.

It is my opinion that returning the supply of acid to the party from whom it was bought is often unnecessary. Any person who has trouble from either the black or white substance separating with the fat can probably remedy the difficulty by some changes in the manipulation, provided the acid is anywhere between 1.82 and 1.83 specific gravity at 60 deg. F. The black substance that appears is probably charred fat, and indicates too strong an action of the acid on the milk. The white adulteration of the fat shows either too weak a reaction or an incomplete separation by the centrifuge. Each of these defects can, of course, be produced by acid either very much too strong, or too weak. They can also be brought out by different manipulation when acid having the correct strength is used. An entirely satisfactory working of the Babcock milk test can be expected if, in addition to the elaborate details which the originator of the method has already worked out, the following precautions are observed:

First—An acid having 1.82 specific gravity should be used with milk at 60 deg. to 70 deg. F. If the acid is stronger, cool the milk to a lower temperature. Somewhat weaker acid can probably be made to work all right by warming the milk.

Second—When measuring the acid into the test bottles, hold the bottle at an angle that will cause the acid to follow the inside walls to the bottom of the bottle and not drop through the milk in the center of the bottle. If properly poured into the test bottle there will be a distinct layer of milk and acid with little or no black color between them.

Third—thoroughly mix the milk and acid as soon as measured into the test bottle. A better separation of fat is obtained by mixing at once than by allowing the two liquids to stand unmixed in the bottle until enough tests have been measured out to fill the centrifuge.

Fourth—After five minutes' whirling of the test bottle in the centrifuge, add hot water until the test bottle is filled up to the neck only; run the centrifuge another minute. Adding the necessary hot water in two portions is often a great help in getting a clear separation of fat. When the test bottles are taken from the centrifuge they are put into water at 140 deg to 160 deg F., and the per cent of fat read at that temperatnre.

Fifth—Too low results will be obtained if the centrifuge does not have sufficient speed. The machines have to be watched, as constant use wears some of them so that the speed designed by the manufacturer is not obtained.

Sixth—When testing skim milks or buttermilks which have a very small per cent of fat—two-tenths of one per cent or less—the reading of the per cent of fat should be made immediately on taking the test bottle from the centrifuge. If this is not done, and the test bottle cools before taking the reading, the contraction of the liquid in the bottle will often leave the fat spread over the inside surface of the measuring tube. If read when taken from the machine the small fat globules can be seen and estimated.

POULTRY RAISING IN CALIFORNIA.

A writer for the Fresno *Republican* under the name of Cochin-Leghorn considers poultry production the most profitable business in California. Giving a little of his own experience he says:

"I started with two dozen hens and no capital. After a bitter struggle, working out at intervals at many hard and tedious tasks, I won for myself and family a comfortable independence, and after one year and a half, owned a stock of poultry worth over $2,000 and bringing in an income of over $1,200 per year.

"Three conditions are necessary to success. First, the hens require to be fed plentifully, all they can eat, the same as a horse or any other domestic animal, and they must not be expected to lay if they are made to look incessantly without finding it after a problematic worm or insect, suffering and scratching under the cruel pangs of hunger. I have now a flock of 150 very profitable chickens, and give them every morning a bountiful early breakfast, after eating which they seek a commodious place to rest or dust themselves in the sun or in the shade, as the temperature commands—and they manufacture eggs.

"I do the same thing an hour before sundown and always see that there is grain or food on the ground in the barn yard.

"Second the housing. This is very important. You cannot possibly knock into the head of the average farmer of California that the fowls want to be warmly housed, at any time during the night, protected from cold draughts which afflict chickens with colds, sore eyes, swelled heads, croup, diphtheria, etc.

"Therefore the fowls must be at rest at night in a good house, bottomed, free from draught and during cold weather be let out after sunrise.

"Third—This point pertains to the care of fowls. This business is a difficult one. It requires hard work and a very particular attention to details, and takes more work and more brains than to be a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant or anything else—as one has to be all combined.

"Keep fowls well with healthy food, pure fresh water; fumigate them, keep their quarters clean, and you will have success."

The great trouble with many who start in to raising poultry for profit is that they want to earn big profits from the start. If this idea does not materialize, they become discouraged. Many also start with meager capital, forgetting that time means expense, and a small amount of either will not suffice should unforseen delay occur. Capital, good judgment and determination to succeed are essential. Eggs are always at a profit in summer. The farmer can sell or he can store for higher prices when eggs are low. In eggs alone he can be assured a fair income. On a plot of five or ten acres a perfect paradise could exist under proper management. Better living, more peace, happiness and contentment can be enjoyed than is experienced by the richest merchant.

The Red Bluff *News* states as an example of the possibilities of fruit-growing in Northern California that eighteen years ago two cuttings of the purple fig were pushed down into the soil at the foot of the Coast Range, in the western part of Tehama county, since which time they have had no attention except protection from stock for a few years. For fifteen years they have borne and grown, until now each trunk measures eight feet in circumference, the branches form a dome forty feet high and 180 feet in circumferenee, while the lower branches, which rest on the ground, have taken root and sent up shoots which are twenty-five feet high.

A recent report of the statistician of the Agricultural Department gives Texas 808,512 milch cows, valued at $13.84, a total of $11,189,848, Texas being the fifth State in the number of cows, New York, Iowa, Illinois and Pennsylvania each having more. In average price of cows, Texas exceeds Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Florida. The highest average price is given to New Jersey cows, $35.20.

Professor Wing of Cornell University states that the University herd has been graded up from the common cows giving 3,000 pounds of milk per cow per annum to a herd giving 7,000 pounds per cow. It has taken some years to do this and some good bulls, but it is considered that the end justified the means, and that all expense has been profitably invested. This is a slow way of breeding up a dairy herd, but it is sure.

TAMING MULE DEER.

They Become Gentle and Fearless in Domestication.

An Interesting Animal That a Traveler Often Finds Among the Pet Creatures of Western Farms.

The mule deer is found in the Sierra Nevadas and Siskiyou mountains of northern California and eastward into the Rockies, and also in the cascades of Oregon and Washington. They are very seldom seen west of the summit, where the black tail range. The latter sometimes cross the eastern slope, but are not found far in the interior. The fawns of the mule deer can often be found during the latter part of May or early in June hidden in the dense thickets of the wooded mountain side, where they have been left by the doe. If their dainty hoof marks are seen in the soil they can be tracked, with considerable assurance of being found.

When run upon they will lie very low and quiet, their ears thrown back so as to lie flat on their shoulders, and their large, lustrous eyes watching every movement of the strange enemy. If one is cautious in his approach, advancing in a sidelong direction, he may sometimes get so near to them that by a quick spring he can catch them. It must not be supposed, however, that this little creature is slow in getting up and starting off. On the contrary, they are very active and make no ceremony in starting. A sudden spring raises and throws it forward at the same time. And for a short distance they are very fleet, but when quite young they soon tire and can be run down and caught. Their cry is a low, plaintive bleat, which certainly must arouse the sympathy of the rather hardened captor.

The young do not run with the mother, but she goes to them a number of times during the day that they may suckle and then leaves them again. If you should chance upon them at this time they will separate, the doe going up the mountain side, while a streak of flicked white and russet disappearing in the thicket marks the flight of the fawn.

When captured they will struggle violently for a little while, and their sharp hoofs will do some damage to one's person or clothing. But they soon become reconciled to their new surrounding and are quite content.

They are beautifully spotted, and these spots remain during most of the summer, but gradually disappear as the hair falls, and by the last of September have entirely disappeared and given place to the uniform blue coat.

The fawns soon learn to drink milk from a bottle having a rubber nipple, or even from an open vessel, but owing to their habit of butting while drinking the latter method of feeding is not always a safe one, as the dish, milk and all are liable to be thrown into the lap of the feeder. Their appetites are vigorous and they will drink too much if allowed, which causes indigestion and a weakened condition.

They become very gentle and are fond of going into the house in search of any knickknacks that may be given them, such as nuts, candies, fruits, etc. They know their masters or those who feed them and will follow them about the yard. They begin browsing early, grow quite fast, and the supply of milk can be gradually cut down. The leaves of the wild rose and sarvis bushes are favorites with them, but the tender twigs and buds of various kinds are eaten, and they often graze on the meadows the same as sheep. They generally feed late in the evening or early in the morning, preferring to lie in the shade and cool dark places during the heat of the day, away from the annoyance of flies and mosquitoes.

They feed at night, especially during moonlight, but dark nights are more quiet and lie resting or sleeping under a tree or some rude cover. They will lie on the same spot night after night, preferring this to a new bed each night. In their wandering about, should they run across a cabbage patch, their appetite is soon satisfied with this dainty morsel.

The males grow a small stub of an antler the first fall. This drops off the following winter and the new antlers start out about the middle of March. These grow rapidly and are covered with the velvet most of the summer, drying and peeling off, or are torn off on the bushes about the latter part of July, and by Sept. 1 the antlers are clear and fully grown. These remain until the following January and then drop off, sometimes nearly at the same time, or there may be several weeks between the time of the two being shed.

The horns are often quite large the second autumn—that is, when the animal is a year and a half old, sometimes having four points, but there may be only a spike. Little reliance can be placed on an estimation of the age from the number of points. The hoofs of the animal in domestication grow long and are distorted, interfering considerably with its fleetness and activity This is owing to their not being worn off by the rough rocks of the mountain sides in travel, as in the wild state.

The general appearance of the animal when quiet and undisturbed is awkward. Its form is not symmetrical; its gait is a long, swinging stride. But when startled it becomes a thing of beauty; its whole figure commands admiration.

During the first year of its life its disposition is gentle and inoffensive; it is playful and harmless, but as it grows older becomes more sullen and treacherous, and will often attack children or women, and if it should get them down will stamp them with its front feet, or, jumping up and putting all four feet together, will come down, striking with all of them at once. It will also attack with its horns, and as they grow to healthy proportions it can do considerable damage in this way. It is prone to use them in a brisk tussel with the clothesline or any flaunting rag that it imagines is defying it.

As sometimes happens, when in its moonlight rambles it comes across the previous day's washing idly flapping in the night breeze, it will strike at the garments with its feet, and the good housewife next morning finds the shirts and various other articles slit from end to end, and hanging in halves and different shapes along the line. But not always is the battle to the brave or the strong. If during the fierce attack the line should break and become fastened around the antlers of the brave charger there is a change of programme.

The line and its array of ghostly forms now becomes the attacking party, and follows close the retreating and thoroughly frightened monarch of the forest, flopping and striking at every bound, producing a scene of the wildest confusion and most laughable nature. At the finish the deer is the most exhausted and subdued, if not the more dilapidated, of the two.—Forest and Stream.

Willing to Kick.

The major was telling how he had won battles which others had claimed the glory of when suddenly one of his hearers said, "I saw a man yesterday who would give the world to kick you."

"Kick me!" shouted the major. "I demand his name, sir!"

"Well, if you insist on knowing—but, mark you, major, it must go no further—the man was old Sergeant Billy Waters of the First artillery, who lost both his legs by the explosion of a shell. Faith, he'd give all he has or hopes to have to be able to kick anybody."—London Tit-Bits.

THE STREET CAR SPOTTER.

He Keeps Tab on the Conductor by Means of a Pocket Register.

There are men who habitually stand on the rear platform of street cars. That is the spotter's position. Professional spotters never give "themselves away" by counting passengers. The spotter carries a small noiseless register in one of the pockets of his overcoat. He is most likely to appear on a car that is to carry a big load. He takes his place on the rear platform and always appears to be the most unconcerned man on the car. The first thing he does is to glance at the register in the front of the car. He makes mental note of the number of fares that have been rung up. Every time a passenger gets on he presses the button of the little register in his pocket. He never appears to be watching the persons who are getting in the car, but he must be careful not to miss one. He rides on the platform until the fares of all the persons who have got on the car since he took his position have been collected. His last act before getting off is the mental registration of the number of fares indicated by the register in the car. If he has another test to make before making his report, he will probably stop under the first electric light, write down on the blank furnished him the number of fares registered when he got on the car and the number registered when he got off. He subtracts one from the other and has before him the number of fares the conductor should have registered. Then he looks at his indicator, and if there is a discrepancy between his count and the count the conductor registered he reports the fact to the company.

A conductor who is discharged is never accused of having stolen money from the company. The charge is "improperly collecting fares." It is not often that a conductor is discharged the first time it is reported to the company that he is "improperly collecting fares." The test is applied to him frequently, and if it is found that he is habitually not ringing up fares for all the persons who take passage on his car he is dismissed. Conductors believe that the means employed by spotters are unfair. They say that it is often impossible for any man to get all the fares on a car; that it is an easy matter to get all the fares when a car is not crowded, but when 50 or 60 persons board a car bound up town it is next to impossible to collect without an error. Often persons will get off the car before the conductor has reached them, and hampered as he is by the crowd, they say, he cannot prevent this. Then persons are getting on and off, exchanging seats and doing other things that mystify the conductor as he pushes his way through the crowd in search of the nickles that are due the company.

Persons who travel regularly on the cars are sometimes surprised that conductors do not lose their temper oftener. They are not permitted to "talk back," no matter how great the provocation may be. Recently one of the old conductors on the Illinois street line lost his temper. The next day he lost his position. A woman got on his car at Illinois and Washington streets. She offered him a transfer ticket, which, he said, had expired.

"It cannot be so," said she, "for I got this ticket just a few minutes ago."

"Madam, you lie," said the conductor, who maintained that the woman had received the ticket from a representative of the company at another crossing nearly an hour earlier. One of the company's detectives overheard the remark of the conductor and reported him.—Indianapolis News.

Food Before Sleep.

Many persons, says Dr. W. T. Cathell—an eminent physician—though not actually sick, keep below par in strength and general tone, and I am of the opinion that fasting during the long intervals between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness we so often meet.

Digestion requires no interval of rest, and if the amount of food during the 24 hours is in quantity and quality not beyond the physiological limit it makes no hurtful difference to the stomach how few or how short are the intervals between eating, but it does make a vast difference in the weak and emaciated one's welfare to have a modicum of food in the stomach during the time of sleep, that instead of being consumed by bodily action it may during the interval improve the lowered system, and I am fully satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to rightly take a light lunch or meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed for a prolonged period nine in ten of them would be thereby lifted into a better standard of health.—New York Evening World.

The Elocutionist's Lament.

When I am reciting in a hall which contains a clock that strikes or near to which the trains pass, I know for a certainty that just at the moment when I require breathless silence that clock will strike or a train will come rushing past. I once composed a piece of poetry for recitation in which I was so foolish as to insert the passage: "Hark! What is that?" I might easily have conjectured what would happen during the pause of expectancy. Clocks struck, doors were slammed, engines whistled, old gentlemen coughed, young gentlemen sneezed, dogs came from all directions for the express purpose of barking, lamp shades fell down, waiters dropped their trays, babies screamed, or you heard a deaf old lady say audibly to her neighbor, "Half an onion will do as well." Taught wisdom by all these bitter experiences, I finally decided to erase that passage.—Chronik der Zeit.

Trial by Jury.

Trial by 12 compurgators, which was of canonical origin, existed in Anglo-Saxon times and only resembled what is known as trial by jury in the number of persons sworn. Under the name of wager of law it continued to be the law of England until abolished Aug. 14, 1833. Traces of trial by jury are found in the reigns of William I and II, Henry I and Stephen, but it was not fully established until the reign of Henry II. Trial by jury was first adopted in criminal cases in the reign of John—1189-99—and was the established mode of dealing with them at the end of the thirteenth century. Witnesses were examined and evidence first laid before juries in the reign of Henry VI—1422-61—but this change was not fully carried out till the time of Edward VI—1547-53. The laws respecting juries in England were remodeled June 22, 1825.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Those Hats.

Man (in theater, to woman in front)—Madam, I paid $1.50 for this seat, and your hat——

Woman (calmly)—That hat cost $40.—Boston Courier.

It is said that spectacles, or at least magnifying lenses, were known long before the time of Christ, and it is known that Nero watched the games in the arena through a convex emerald. Layard unearthed a lens of rock crystal from Nineveh.

Among the Christians there are about 200 different sects, and there are 800 sects among other religionists, and each sectarian has an opinion that fixes him in his creed; he believes he is right.

White moles and sandy colored ones have been written of as something rare, but this is not so; particolored moles, too, are to be found in all parts of England.

HE RECKONED NOT.

Uncle Billy Wanted to Oblige the Colonel, but That Was Too Much.

I was sitting in the office of a cotton warehouse with Major Curtis in Selma, Ala., when an old colored man came limping along the platform, and the major called him in and said:

"Uncle Billy, I don't see you very often of late."

"No, sah. I'ze dun gittin slightly feebleous 'bout movin around."

"I've got about 20 of the nicest little pigs you ever saw in a pen."

"Has yo'?"

"And a new lot of chickens."

"H'm!"

"Lots of sweet potatoes around now, Uncle Billy."

"Yes, sah."

"And the boys just got the smokehouse filled up the other day."

"Dey did, eh?"

"You are a widower yet, aren't you, uncle?"

"Yes, sah—oh, yes."

"Well, I've got a mighty fine looking colored cook now, and you must come down and see her. Just drop in on us any evening."

"Majah," said the old man as he vigorously scratched his head, "I would dun like to obleege you all, but I reckon I won't come."

"You won't? Why, what's the matter?"

"I was down dar one night las' spring to ax yo'r man Jim to lend me two bits. I stepped right into a big b'artrap, an it hung to me till I had to holler. Den yo' come out to me wid a lantern an a hoss-w'ip, an de way yo' did tuck it onto me beat all, honey! I believe sunthin was said 'bout a piece o' meat lyin dar an 'bout two chickens in a bag, an if I dun 'member right I didn't git outer my cabin fur 'bout fo' weeks after dat episodious. No, majah, I reckon I won't come down dar. I'ze mighty fond o' yo', an I kin jes' taste dem roast pigs an sweet 'taters, but de nigger who puts his foot into a b'artrap twice in one y'ar orter be dun clubbed to death fur a fule."—Detroit Free Press.

Fast Enough.

An employee of a large granite company was driving from the station with several kegs of blasting powder and dynamite cartridges in his load and overtook a young man walking. Without waiting for an invitation the pedestrian sprang up into the wagon and sat down upon one of the powder kegs.

He was a talkative young man and began at once to make derogatory remarks about the speed of the wagon or the lack of it.

"We're passing everything on the road," he said cheerily—"that is, everything that is stationary."

Not receiving a reply, he continued, "I was half a mind to hire a landslide or a glacier just for speed, you know, but I guess we are doing about as well."

He was silent for some time; then he broke forth again:

"I say—stop the horse! The earth is revolving fast enough to get us there."

Just then he prepared to scratch a match on the keg. The driver spoke rather lazily:

"If you are goin my way, this is jest as fast as it will be, but if you want to go straight up at right angles to the road jest light that match on that powder—an you're there now."

The young man decided to walk.—Youth's Companion.

The Difference.

A very good story is going the rounds about Jacob Tome, the millionaire bank president, who the other day left a package containing $90,000 in bank notes lying on a car seat. As is well known, his wealth, which is estimated at several millions, was accumulated by hard work and shrewd investments. He started life on a raft and at one time during his career was a hostler in Maryland. Some time ago, so the story goes, a friend of his, who had been a fellow hostler in Tome's early days and who had never risen above that, approached him for the loan of $250. He was informed that he could have it upon producing proper security. The demand for security incensed Mr. Tome's hostler friend, and turning to him he said, "Why, dang it, Jake, weren't you and I hostlers together?" and received the reply, "Yes, and you're a hostler still."—Philadelphia Record.

A Case It Does Not Apply To.

The Baron—No. Ven ze Frenchman have his honor outrage, he resort not to ze brute feesticuff. He fight ze duel.

She—That's all very well, but supposing a man is really angry and wants to do some damage to the fellow who has injured him?—Life.

A Versatile Artist.

They were speaking of an artist who made a specialty of animals and was eminently successful at it in a financial way.

"Do you like this work?" asked the young woman.

"Yes. But I should like to see him try other subjects occasionally."

"Do you think he can draw anything else?"

The commercial instinct mastered the artistic in the man on the instant.

"Certainly," he responded. "He can draw a check that is simply superb."—Detroit Free Press.

Sure Fit.

"What have you named your new boy?"

"William. I wanted to get a name that would be sure to fit."

"I don't quite catch."

"Why, don't you see? If he grows up to be a real nice, good kind of a young man, he will be called Willie, and if he should happen to turn out pretty tough he can be called Bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Suggestion.

Mistress—I wish I knew how to have my photograph taken so as to please dear Charley.

Familiar Maid—Let me sit for you, Miss Emma.—Texas Siftings.

The Street Demon.

There are all kinds of people abroad in the street,
Of every condition and class,
Some jostle and crowd us whenever we meet
And others we peacefully pass,
But there's one we encounter wherever we stray
Of whom we'd be gladly bereft—
Oh, why doesn't Providence call him away?—
The demon who turns to the left.

He seems to take pleasure in dodging about.
To him 'tis the highest delight
To fill your whole soul with a horrible doubt
If he'll turn to to the left or the right.
In a manner that baffles your reason complete,
With a movement both subtle and deft,
He'll manage to knock you clear off your feet—
The demon that turns to the left.

There's the woman we all of us frequently meet,
With her parasol aimed at our eye,
And the cattle who all the while tramp on our feet—
They are all pretty hard to get by,
But there's no other lunatic running around
Who so sadly of sense is bereft—
No other blamed chump who is quite so profound
As the demon who turns to the left.

—Chicago Journal.